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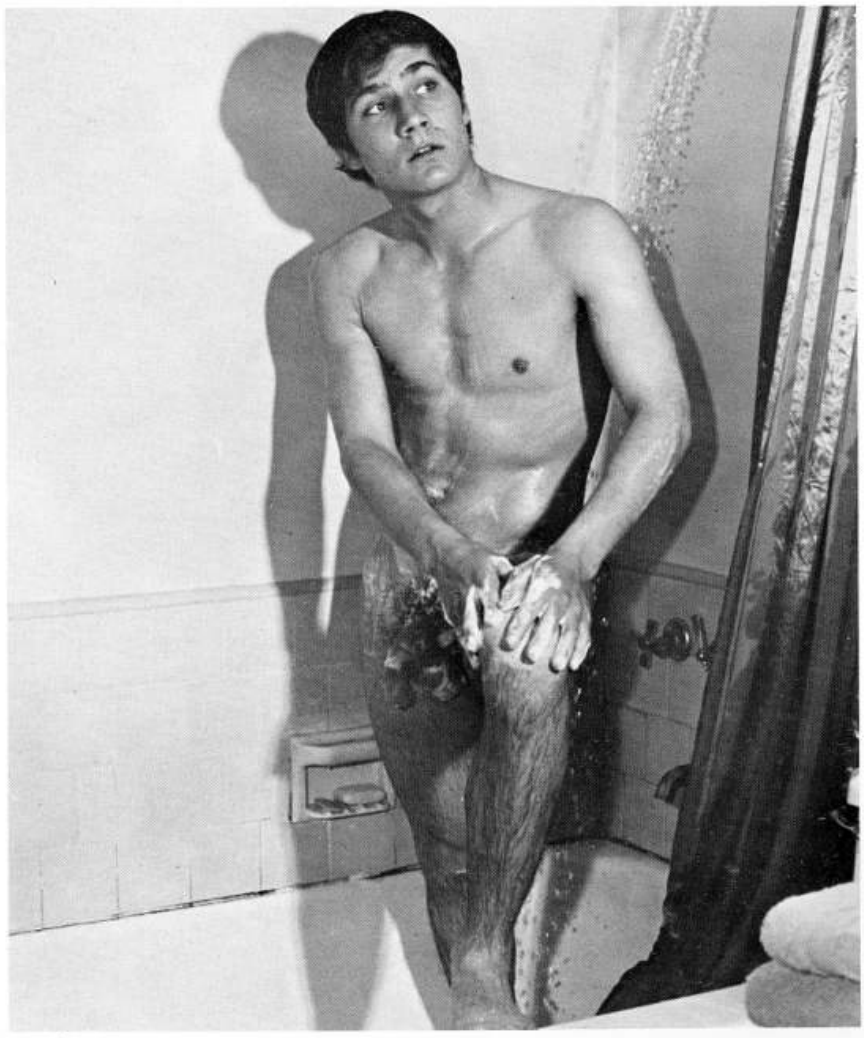
STUD No.8

UP & COMING

adults only



UP FOR GRABS

by LYN PEDERSEN

Blondish Paul Laurence first met Gary Steele at the company's 50th Anniversary Banquet, met him after his fourth martini (the company had planned one cocktail per guest, but Mr. Willis had convinced their waiter to bring tray after tray of drinks to their table, before any more than bread and salad had been served.

Mattie Doreen, the chief file clerk in Paul's department, had been sitting between Paul and Gary, but as the cocktails warmed her up, she traded seats to get closer to Mr. Willis, shoving Gary back over against Paul—and even if Gary was incredibly shy, Paul was convinced that something more than the martinis was warming the air between Gary and himself.

Gary had come to work in Freight Accounts only three days before, just in time to sign up for the big banquet. Paul had worked in Legal for two years, and had planned to cut the party until his superior, Mr. Rogean, convinced him it wouldn't be politic. He'd expected a perfectly boring evening, but was pleased by the new boy and overwhelmed by the rush of drinks. Even Mattie's conversation with Mr. Willis now sounded brilliantly amusing, and saved him the effort of having to make conversation with Gary. Instead he surveyed the young man now sitting close to him with an unguarded glow he wouldn't have dared turn on in the office. And his admiring stare seemed to be demurely returned.

Then Mr. Willis' wife arrived, and Mattie, who already had her hand inside Mr. Willis' shirt, feeling the lush, black hair that always peeked up over his collar, turned her attention suddenly back to Gary and Paul, but mostly to Gary, since she'd long abandoned hope of getting into Paul's pants.

Gary was short and well-built. He had a naturally cocky look about him, though he'd been extremely shy at the table.

"Oh, you're the cute one," she gushed, turning toward Gary so fast his chin almost landed in her stupendous cleavage. And her hand landed securely on his crotch. The poor kid turned purple with blushing, but didn't seem independent enough to jerk away.

"Mattie Doreen! Behave yourself!" June Parker squealed. June was sitting on the other side of Paul. "You've had far too many of those martinis! You wouldn't behave like that in the office."

(Continued on Page 5)

"Hell she wouldn't!" Paul burst out, emboldened by the drinks. "Those hands of hers grab just about everything in sight."

Mr. Willis blushed hard enough to rouse his wife's suspicions, and launch an argument which served as counterpoint to further events at Paul's end of the table.

Mattie still clutched Gary's crotch, trying to drown him in a cow-eyed stare. She grabbed for another martini with her free hand, downed it fast. "Let's all drink a toast to the only virgin at the table, maybe the only damn virgin in the whole room!"

Poor Gary seemed about to die with embarrassment, and pain, since Mattie had a pretty fierce clutch. Paul and June sang out in chorus, "*He's* too old to be a vir-

(Continued on Page 8)

gin, and you *sure* can't mean yourself, Mattie!"

Gary's meat was visibly hardening in her clutch, in spite of his extreme discomfort. Mattie bellowed, "Yes he is a virgin. He told me so."

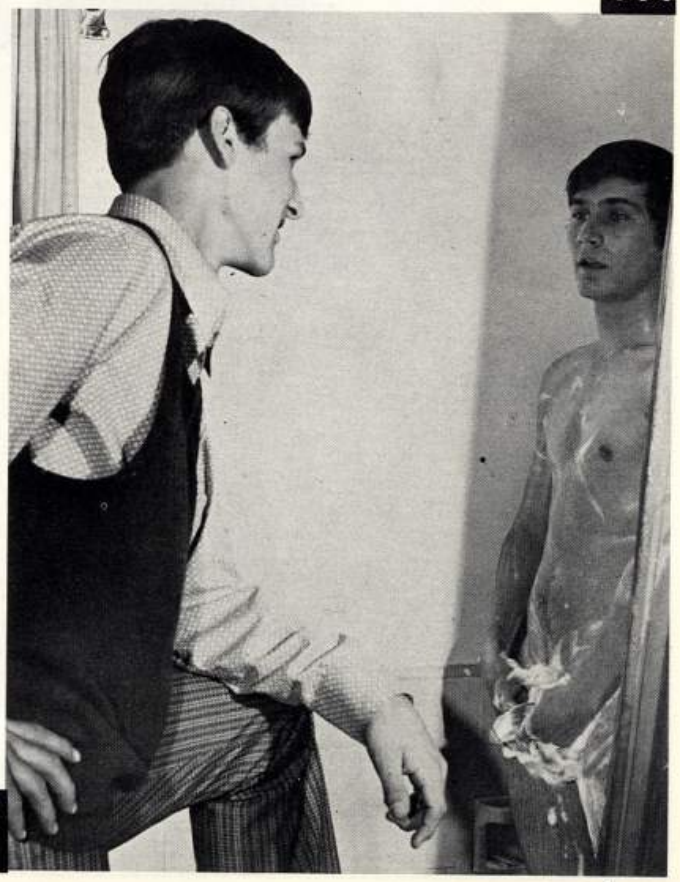
Gary started to stammer a denial.

"If you don't let up," Paul said, "he's gonna be a eunuch too."

Mattie, stung by Gary's denial, burbled, "Why didn't you say yesterday at the office that you'd never, never had a girlfriend?"

He nodded yes, looking indescribably uncomfortable. Paul began to tote it up: no virgin plus no girlfriend equalled. . . .

Mattie could add too, "Don't tell me you're 'gay' like Paul here?"



Gary didn't know what the word meant, and said so.

"That means you use this thing," she said, giving it a cruel yank, "on boys instead of girls." Seeing his uncomprehending look, she asked, "Do you mean you've never had sex with anyone, male or female?"

"No, I haven't," Gary said, looking more distressed than ever.

"Then why'd you say you weren't a virgin? That's what the word means."

"I don't know," he said, almost a sob.

Joe Boros lumbered up from the next table and shoved Mattie's hand away from Gary. "Let the poor kid alone, Mattie! And you better lay off those drinks and get some coffee in ya."

Somehow then the party settled down. The unavoidable roast beef arrived, and Mattie took a half hour powdering her nose. Gary calmed down, though he still said very little. They sat through the interminable speakers and finally the banquet was over.

Paul, hearing Gary say he didn't have a car, offered to drive him home. Gary accepted, but was so withdrawn that Paul decided the boy'd had too much for one night. They parted pleasantly. Gary was still green around the gills from the drinks and Mattie's attack. Actually, Paul assured him, she was fairly pleasant at the office, even if she was something of a she-wolf and nosy as hell.

That was Wednesday night. Paul ran into Gary late Thursday on the job—the company occupied seven floors of a large building—and joked in as light and friendly a tone as he could muster. "Glad to see you're still with us. Half expected you'd be looking for another job today."

"I would of," the kid said, "if I had any idea how to go about it, but I hardly know my way around this town, except to get from my

apartment to the office. And thanks for the lift home last night. . . ."

Then Mr. Rogean snatched Paul away to find a client's file.

Paul met Gary Friday at lunchtime and invited him along to the Three Trees. The atmosphere of the place took Gary by surprise, still their conversation was slow getting off the ground.

Gary had just moved to the big city from Des Moines. Except for a cousin on West 84th whom he hadn't yet visited, he knew no one

in town other than at the office and an old man in his apartment house he'd talked some to. He'd been transferred, for training, from the company's Des Moines office, and had seen very little of the city so far.

"I could pick you up tonight," Paul suggested, "and we could go someplace nice for dinner, then I could show you around some afterward. . . ."

"I'd like that," Gary said, eyes sparkling. Then his head tilted

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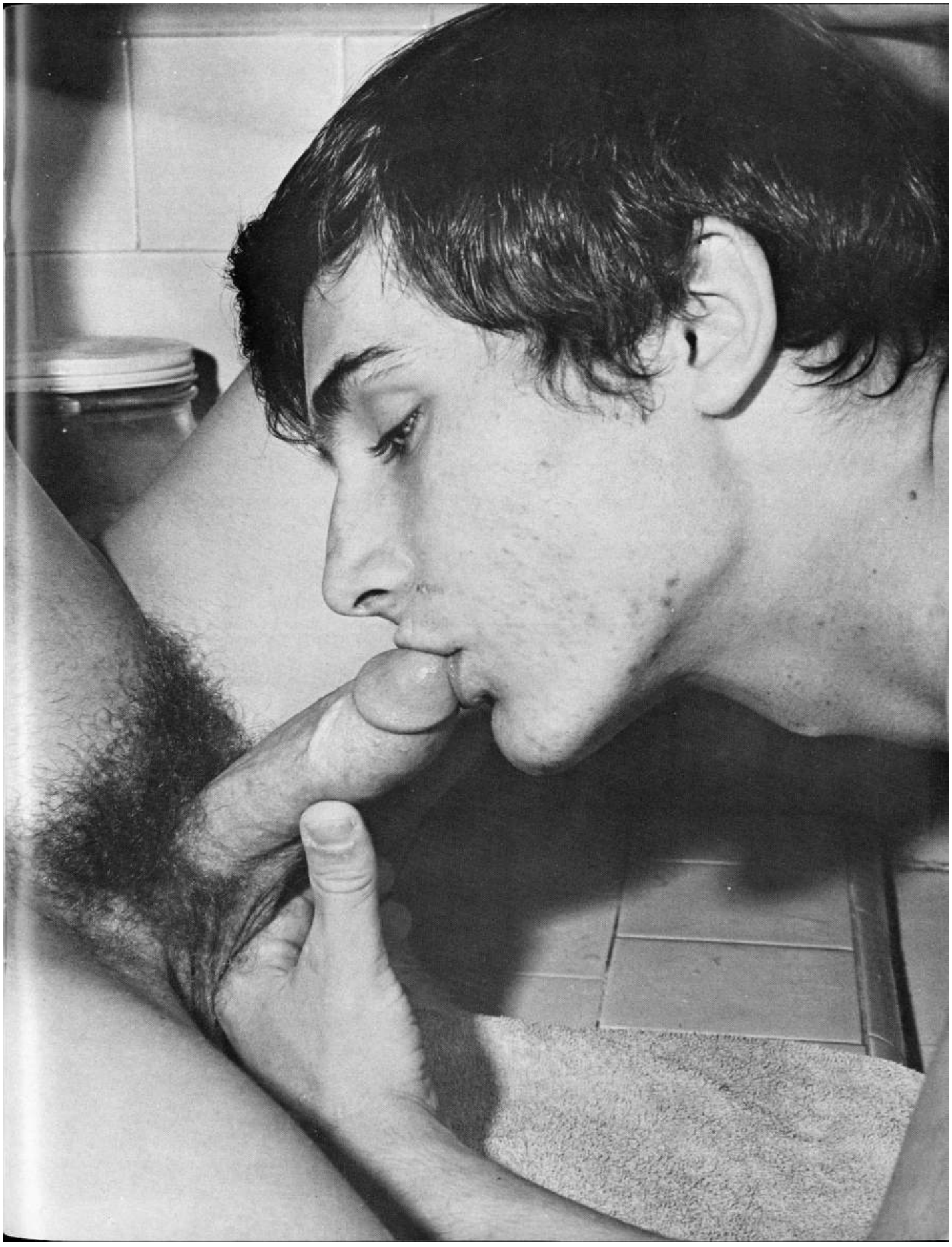

sideways, and his face took on a dubious look. "What did that old bag mean, saying you were 'gay'?"

It was Paul's turn to blush. He hated ever to apologize for being gay. He knew he had the hots for Gary, but he didn't want to make converts. If Gary wasn't gay, Paul just wanted to be friends. "Like she said, I like guys the same way most guys like girls. But I can keep my hands to myself a lot better'n she can." He felt defensive in spite of himself. "I asked you to spend an evening with me, in public. That don't mean I intend to rape you."

Gary flushed, then put his hand on Paul's. "Jezus, pal, don't get so worked up. I wasn't accusing you of anything. I don't like anybody mauling me in public like she did, without caring what I want. But you won't be the first guy I've gone out with, for dinner and maybe a movie—and none a them ever raped me either. Except in a situation like the other night, I guess I can fight off any attentions I'm not interested in."

Paul felt so flattened by that answer he almost called off the date—except that he found Gary so damned appealing. Then it was time to rush back to work.

Going back up in the elevator, Gary asked, "What time should I be ready, and how should I dress?"

With elation, Paul answered, "Six o'clock and casual," then got off at his floor. He didn't see Gary again til evening.

* * * *

Growing up in Oswego, Paul had known he was gay since he was eight. It took him a couple more years to discover regular sexual outlets, first with boys his own age, and awhile still to learn that what to many of his companions was just "playing around," had a much deeper meaning to him.

He discovered sex with older men when he was thirteen, had

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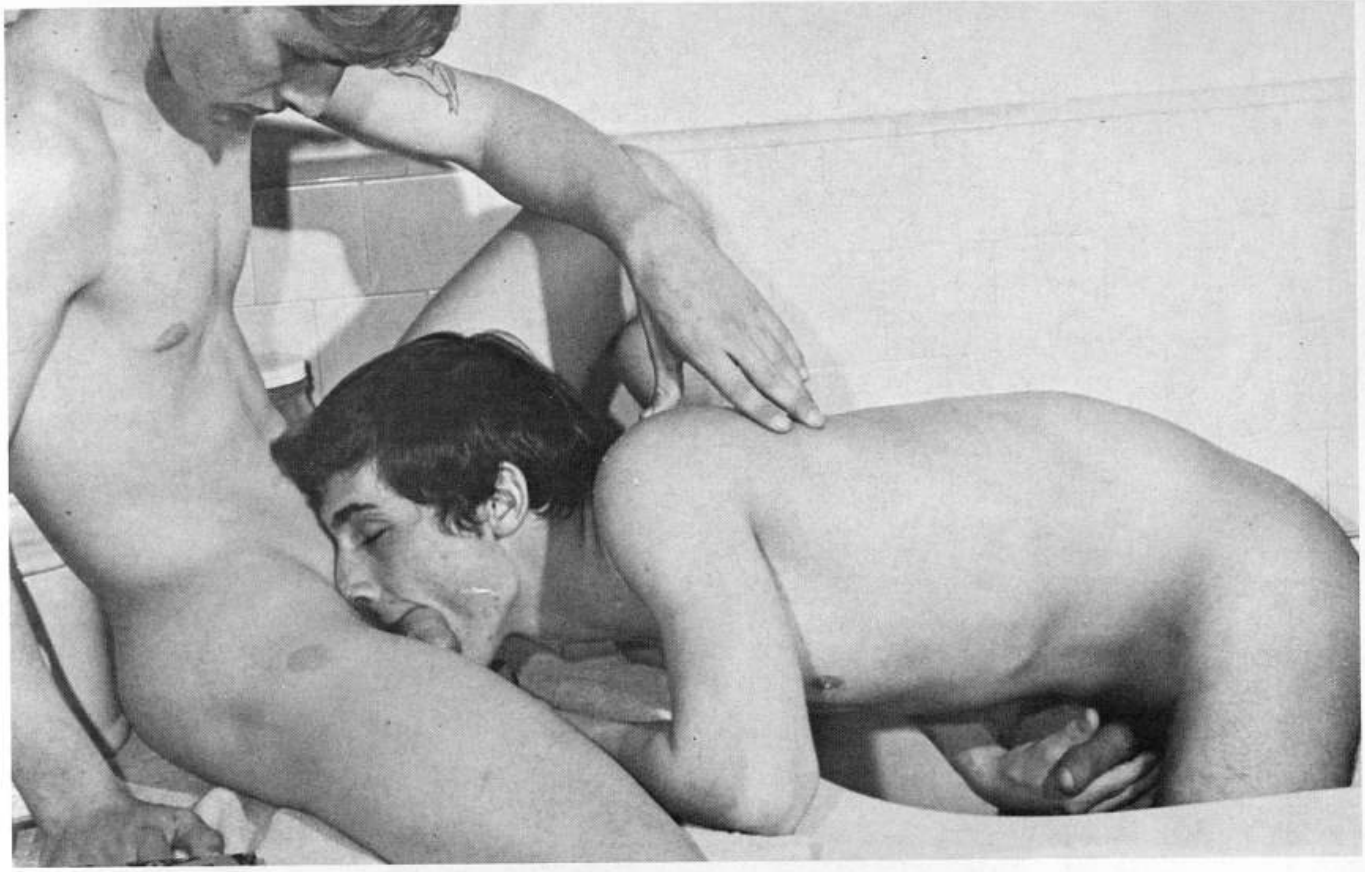

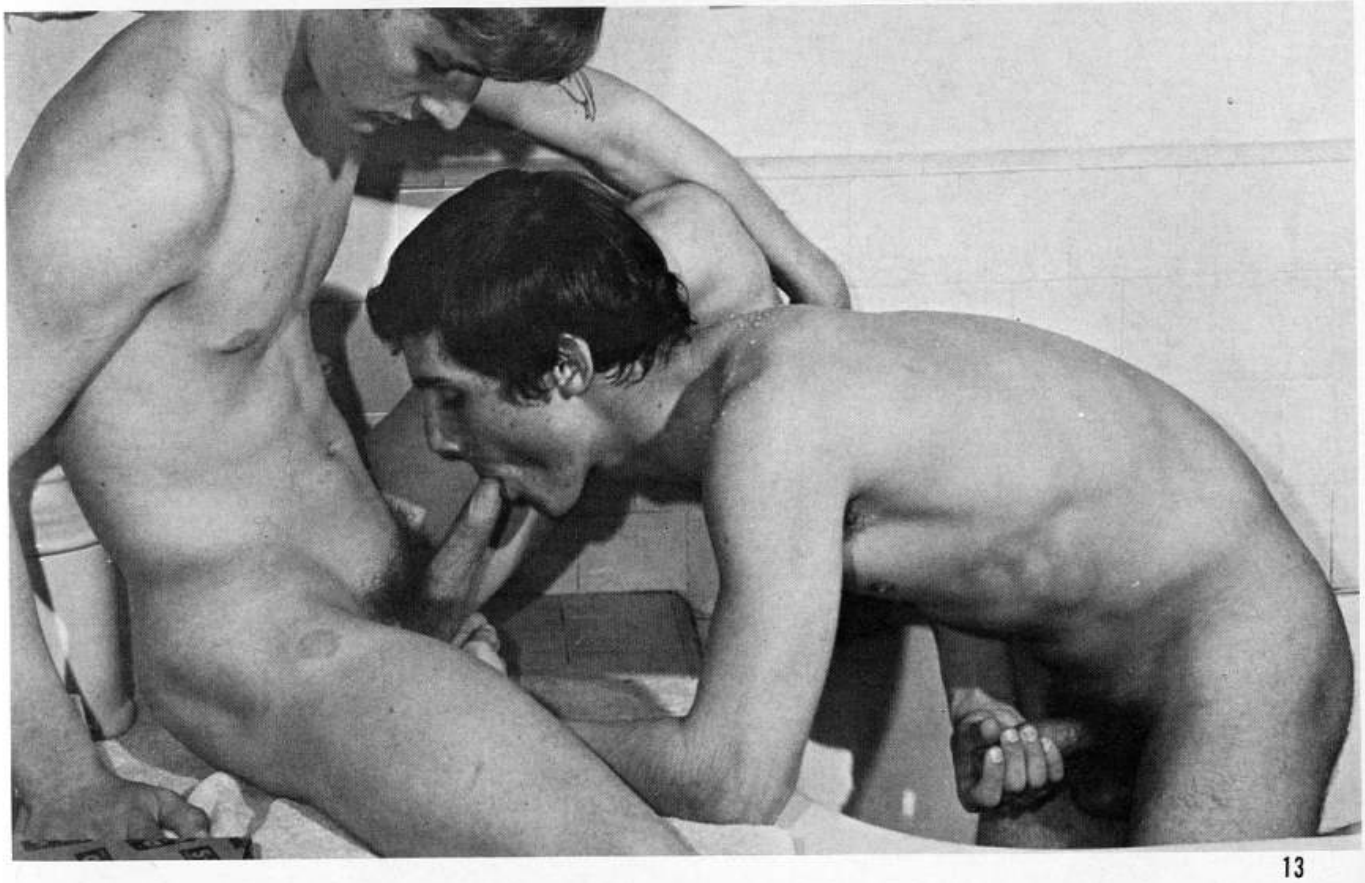

crushes on fellow students and teachers (including some women teachers) all through school, and got caught in a park tearoom when he was fifteen. His parents had been sympathetic, and after a few sessions with juvenile authorities and with a shrink whose theories seemed utter nonsense to Paul, he came out of that experience fairly unscathed.

A few months later, he moved to the city, bursting with ideas of being a poet or an actor, a painter or a playwright, but managing meanwhile to land a decent and really enjoyable job with a large transport company. . . .

Gary had come from a less hip family. His home life had been pleasant but restrictive and hard-

(Continued on Page 17)

working. His parents were conservatively religious, and from the time he was eight Gary spent most of his after-school hours working in his father's grocery store. His impish sense of humor kept him popular with customers, but the store's seven-night-a-week schedule prevented any social life at all.

Not until he squared off in a showdown argument with his father and got the job in Des Moines that soon afterward transferred him to New York (he'd jumped at that opportunity) had he ever had a night free, though he still spent most nights at the store until he left home. On four occasions he'd gone out with other fellows at the office, once to a dance, the other times to dinner and movies. Gary didn't exactly know it, but each of his dates had wanted to go further, and each was held back in awe of Gary's total naivete. Reputation to the contrary, a great many Gays will not take a virgin. None of his Des Moines companions could be sure what Gary wanted, and Gary himself didn't even know there was a name for what he wanted.

On this Friday he went home to get ready for his first date in the city. He knew now that there was a name for it, knew that the nameless feelings he'd puzzled over all those long years were shared by the handsome boy who was coming by to pick him up. He was so excited by the prospect he mistakenly thought he had two hours to get ready. He spent too long

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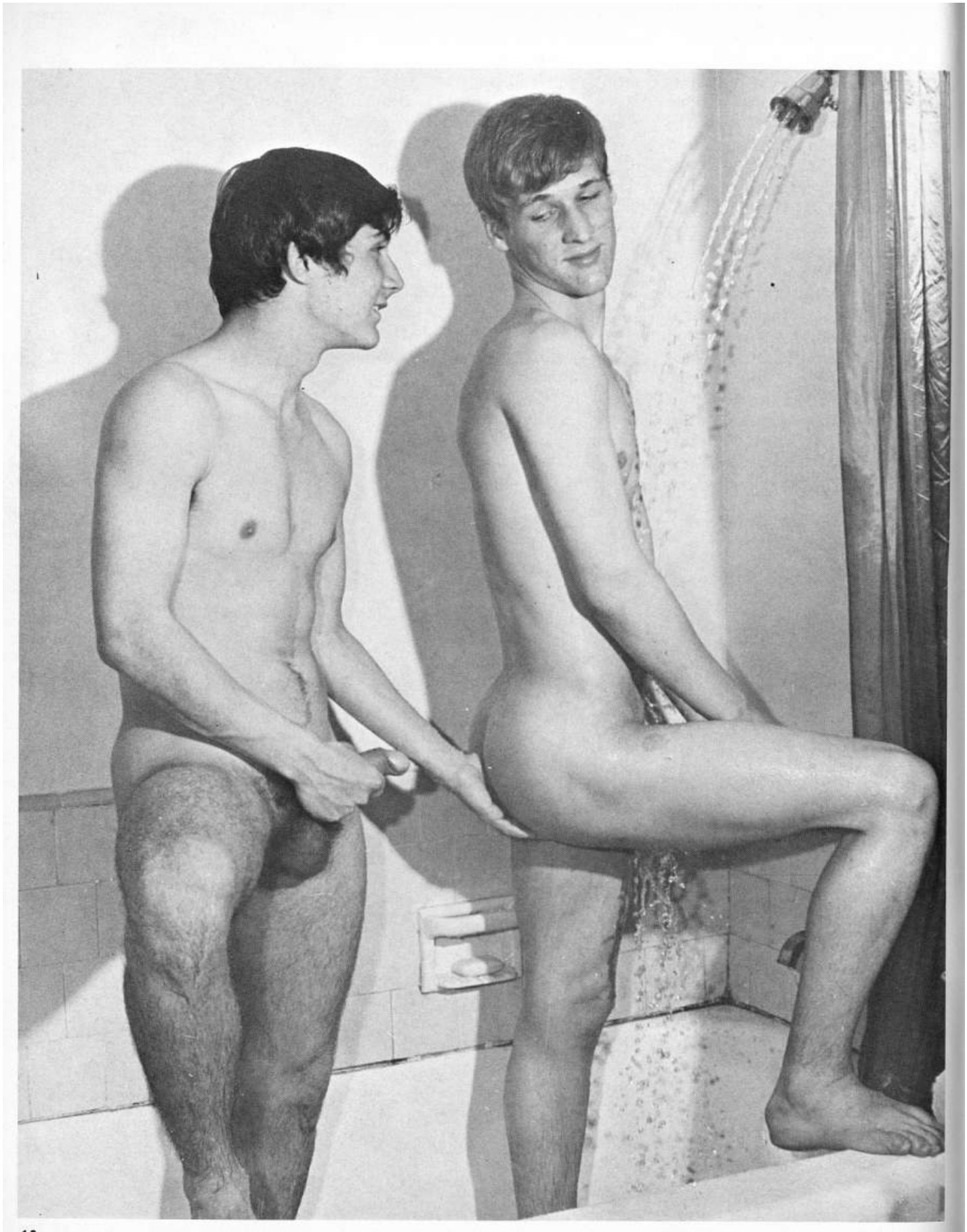

tidying up his nearly bare apartment—then got into the shower when Paul was almost due to arrive.

He showered slowly. Never before had he washed himself with so much pleasure in the feel of his own body, and everywhere the soap touched, he was wondering if Paul would touch him there. He was trying to imagine what two boys would do together. The few nightmares he'd had, about being raped by husky, hairy bricklayers or truckdrivers, and the romantic daydreams of pledging eternal friendship to another male, didn't inform him much.

Then he started soaping his cock, recalling how it had felt in Mattie Doreen's unfeeling grasp, wondering if Paul would be willing to touch him there. It hardened with desire as he tried to remember exactly how Paul's face had looked that night at the banquet, when Paul was looking at him with what had to be longing, tried to recall exactly the soft hoarseness of Paul's voice. . . .

Then he was startled to hear the doorbell. . . .

* * * *

Paul was still disturbed over the afternoon's conversation, stung by the implication that because he was gay, he might rape a kid who didn't want it. He half wanted to ring Gary's doorbell, say he didn't care to contaminate straights, and leave. He was also planning a long florid speech about how they could be friends, even though Paul

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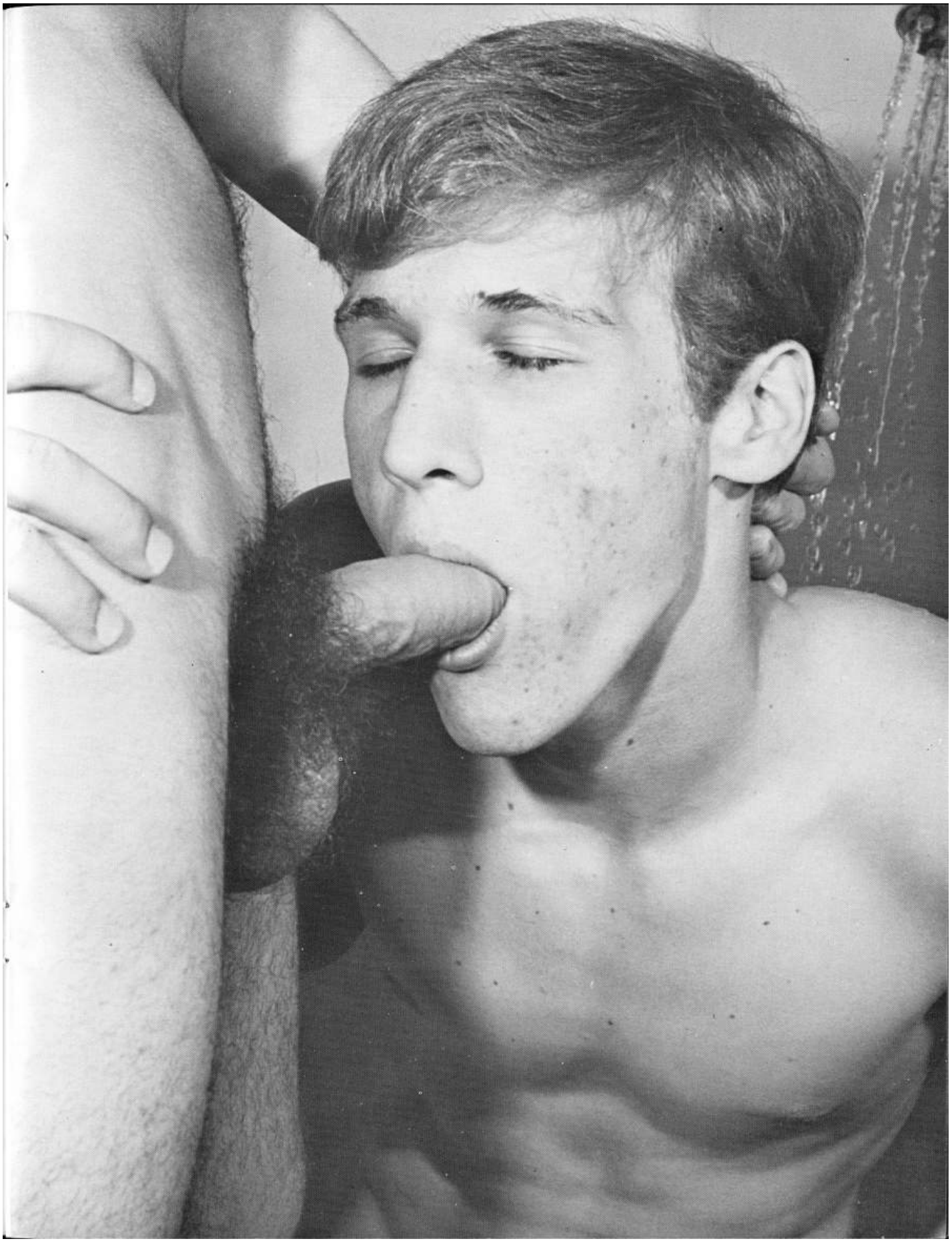
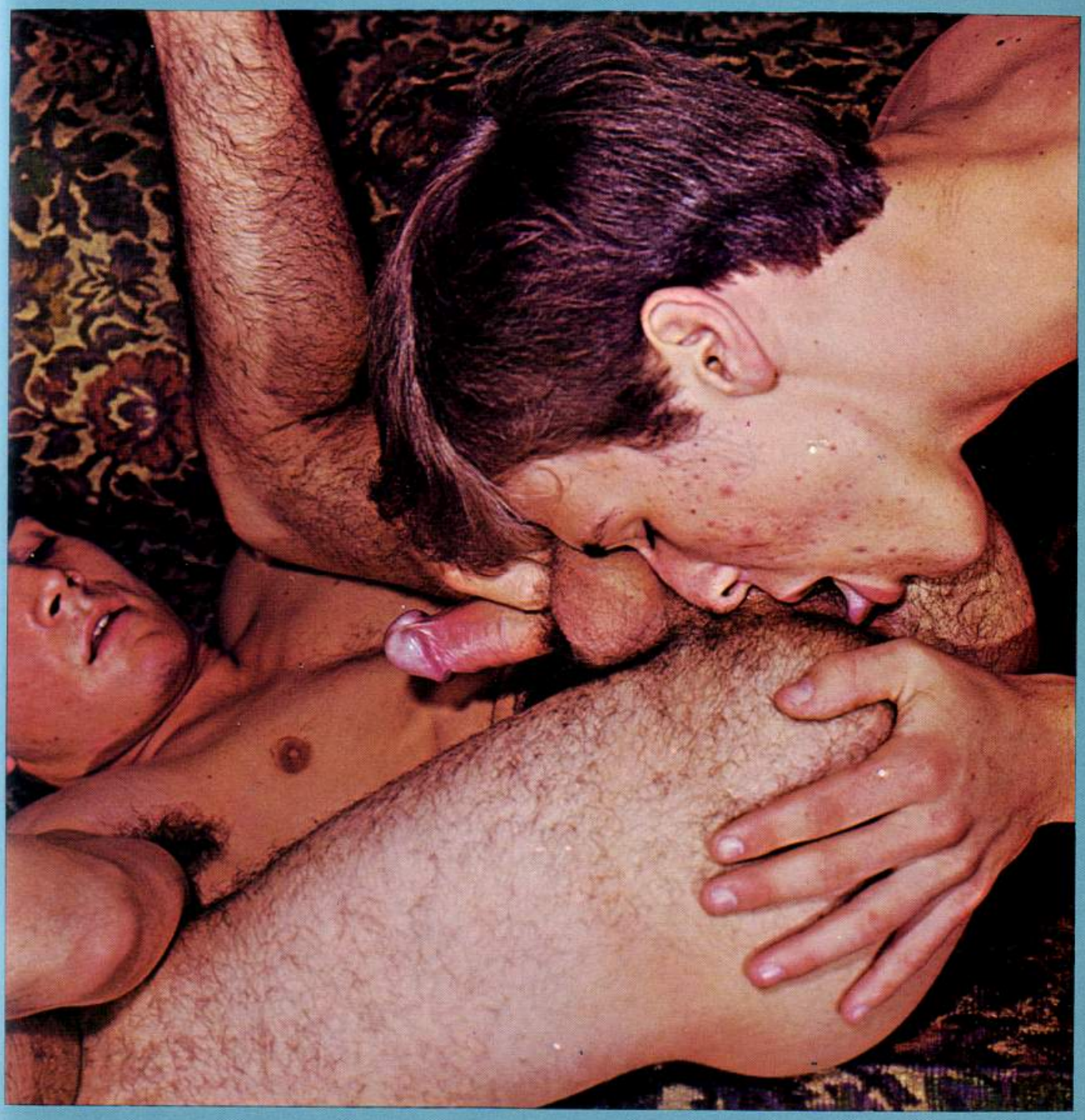
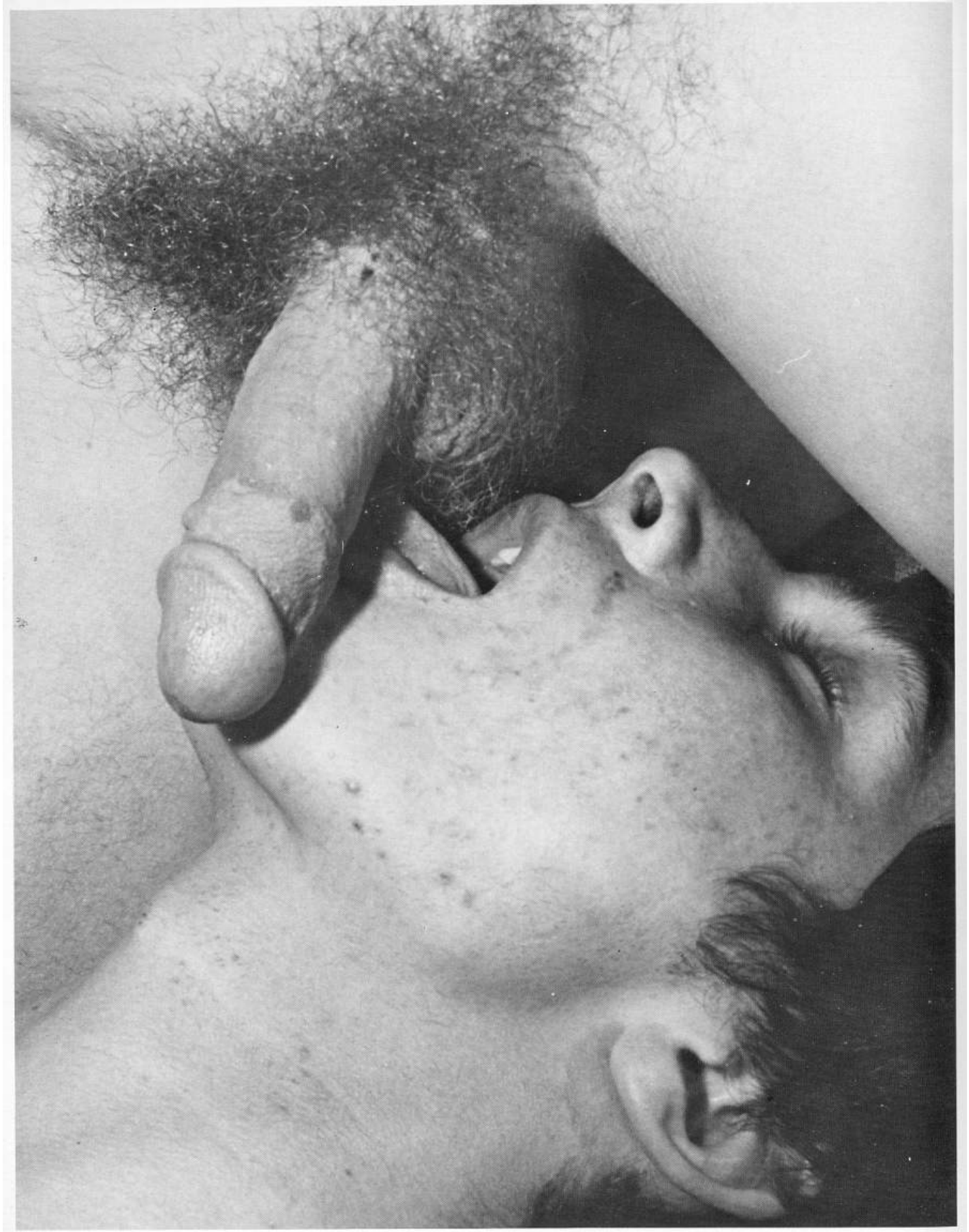






was gay and Gary not. He'd had that kind of friendship often before, and valued it highly, in spite of constant longing to go further. . . .

The front door of Gary's apartment house was open—a rarity on the West Side, so he took the elevator up and rang the bell at Gary's door. He was trying to visualize what Gary would look like undressed. Cool it, he chided himself. This has to be purely platonic.

He was jolted when the kid opened the door dripping wet. Paul had really expected him to be ready. And his eye didn't miss that bulge in the front of the towel. He wished he could have controlled the way his eyes danced up and down Gary's half-nude body, but he could no more control that, catching him by surprise as it did, than he could control the reaction he felt in his crotch.

"Are you early?" Gary asked,

(Continued on Page 29)

with a pixie grin, "or did I figure the time wrong?"

"As a matter of fact," Paul said, checking his watch, "I'm late. It's two minutes after six."

"Well, come on in," Gary said, basking in Paul's appreciative stare. "Unless my not being dressed embarrasses you."

Paul blushed again. "You already know my weakness. I like what I see, but since we agreed already that I wouldn't rape you, you *would* be safer with your clothes on." Paul's throat tightened as the bulge jerked and raised the towel higher.

"I didn't say I wanted to be safe," Gary said, joining their hands in a handshake that said a lot more than their conversation had so far. "I just said that nobody'd done anything with me. . . ."

Did Paul feel Gary's hand drawing them closer? Did Gary's lips seem to reach out to him? Paul felt dizzy, dropped his hand to Gary's waist to steady himself, and then they were kissing, Paul's tongue exploring Gary's virgin mouth, Gary breathing hard, pulling Paul closer. . . .

Gary had been kissed often enough by his mother, and by his favorite younger sister—but never by another male except in dreams. He had to stretch upward to meet Paul's lips, and his head felt crazier than the other night after six martinis and that terrible old woman's hands. The only thing that had sustained him at the banquet had been the look Paul had given him, and the terrible-wonderful information Mattie had given him inadvertently, that there was a name for the way Gary had always felt about other males—and that Paul felt the same way.

He forgot to breathe while the kiss lasted, feared he would suffocate and didn't care. Paul's lips, Paul's wonderful lips, and tongue, and Paul's nice hand enclosing the bulge under the towel—so very different from her hand!

Then the kiss was over and he was leading Paul into the room, both their faces glowing, Gary so excited he began to giggle. "I think I oughta finish showering before you rape me."

"Gary, I wouldn't know how to rape anyone, but I'd like to have sex with you."

"What's the difference? I don't know much about stuff like that."

"Rape is taking someone against his will, even hurting them. I couldn't have sex with someone unless they wanted it the same way I did."

"What do you call it when it isn't rape?"

"Just sex, or love."

"Can it be both?"

"It sure can!" Paul said, sitting on the end table by the bathtub.

"I didn't like it when Miss Doreen raped me," Gary said, putting one foot up on the edge of the tub, so Paul could almost see under the tightly drawn towel, "but it felt real nice when you touched there. Would you do that again?"

This time Paul reached under the towel, running his fingertips gently over the head of Gary's excited penis, back along the muscle on its underside, then let the shaft rest in the palm of his hand while two fingers delicately rocked Gary's testicles.

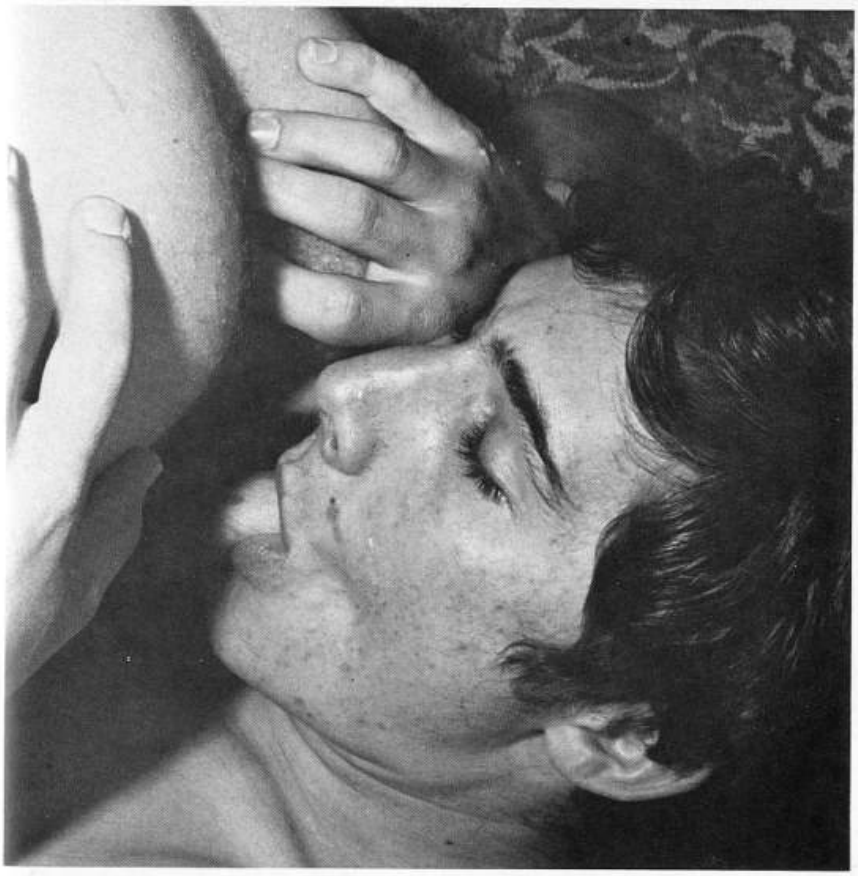
With a look half smile, half serious, "I can hardly believe nobody ever made a pass at you before—you're so damn cute."

"Maybe they did," Gary said, remembering several occasions in the store or at school, "but I didn't ever know what they were driving at, and I was always tied up seven nights a week at my old man's store. Guess I just wasn't ever available. . . . And I never even knew what it was I wanted."

Their lips joined again as Paul's hand slowly worked Gary's penis to hardness.

Suddenly Gary stepped backward into the tub, handing Paul his towel, saying he still didn't know what they were fixing to do, but he wanted to be clean for it, asking if they *had* to go out to dinner right away, excited and flattered as Paul's eyes focused on his cock, covering it quickly with soapsuds. . . .

"We can wait three hours and still get a good dinner," Paul said,



watching Gary's peter rise as the water coursed down the fine body, washing away the soap. He wondered if Gary was hanging back out of fear.

"If you're not afraid of me," Paul whispered, "come over here." Gary took a few steps forward til their hands joined over Gary's hard cock, just as Paul's lips touched Gary's navel.

"OH! Oh Paul! That feels crazy —wonderful, I mean!"

And Gary wiggled about while Paul's mouth trailed down to enclose Gary's virile virginity.

"Paul! Oh damn, Paul! That feels great! I dreamed about guys for ever so long, but I never dreamed nothing like this!" He drew his body taut as his cock lengthened, stepped up on the edge of the tub as Paul began to strip. Paul broke his sucking rhythm only once, to strip the sweater over his head, stopped to run his mouth down the side of

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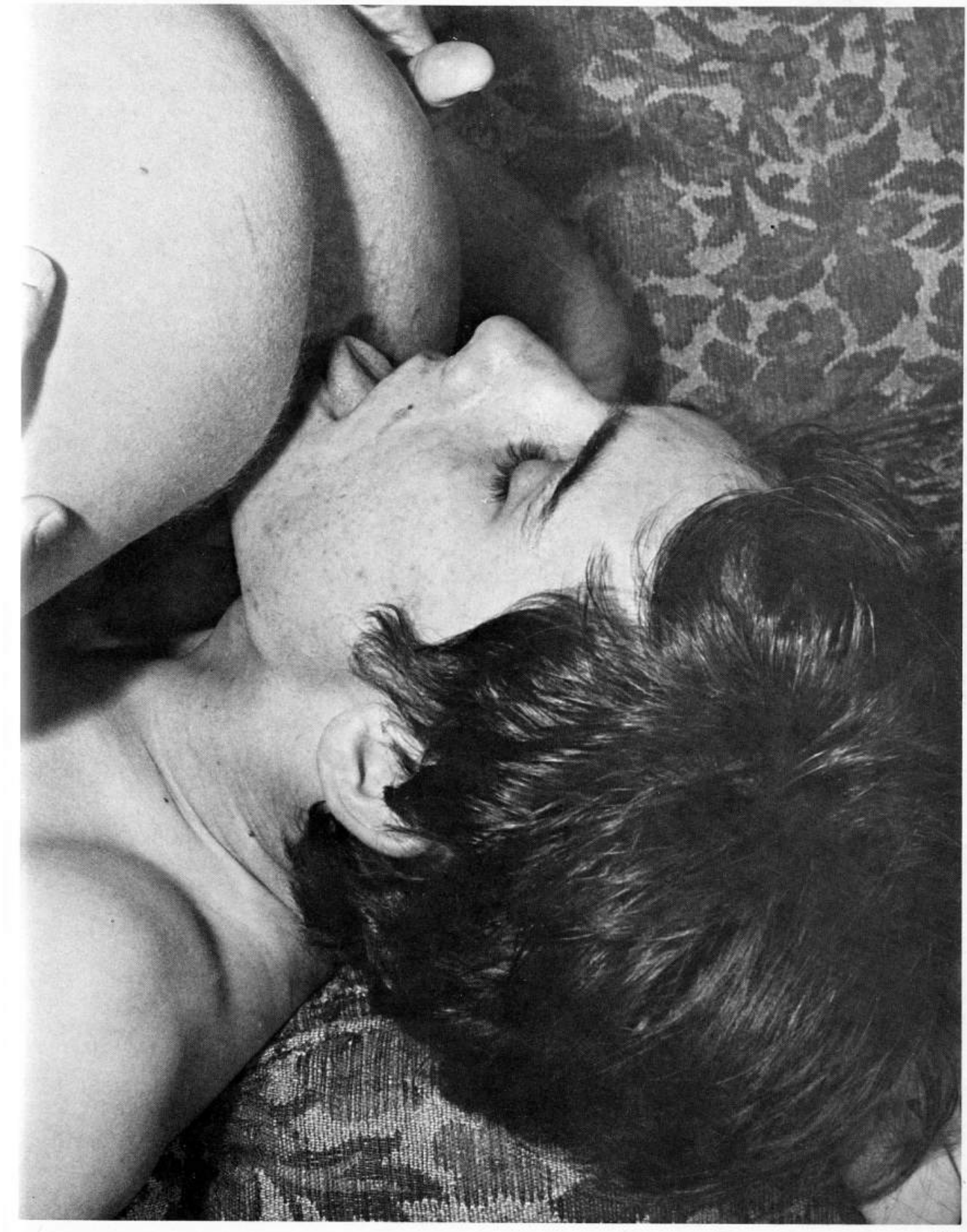
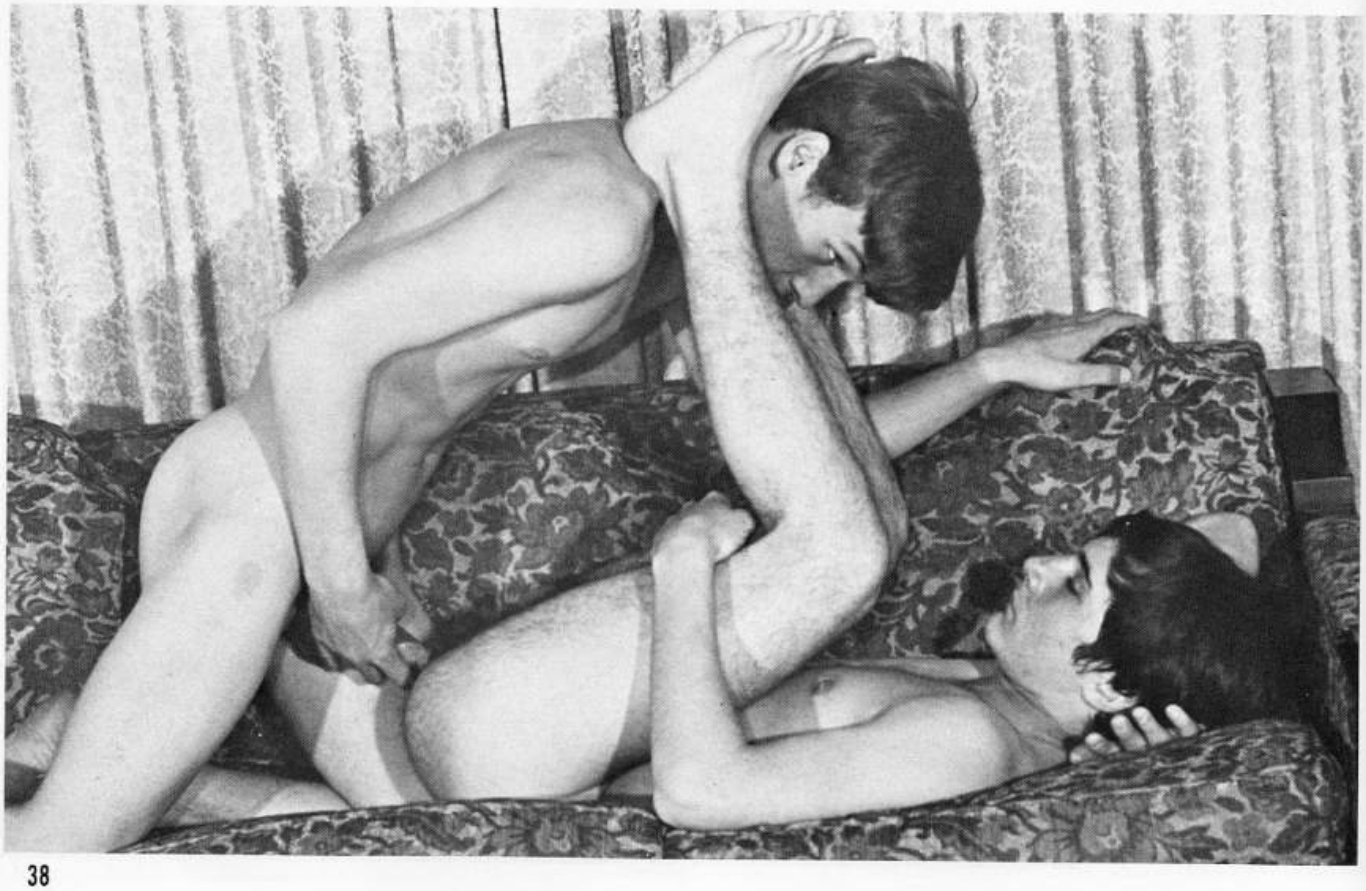




the shaft, then to suck Gary's balls up into his mouth, sucking until he was also nude, sucking hungrily until Gary suddenly and with a great gasping and thrashing about ceased to be a virgin.

"Jezus!" Gary gasped. "Why didn't somebody rape me a long time ago?"

"That wasn't rape, love," Paul said, licking the driblets of Gary's cum off his mouth.

Then: "Can I do it to you? Please?"

"Be my guest," Paul said, seating himself on the end table, legs dangling into the tub. Gary stooped quickly and lowered his mouth to Paul's rod, handling it gently, afraid of hurting it, but frustrated passion gave him an instinct guide as to how to do it. Soon they were standing together, jerking each other's rods, easing back to the stream of water still cascading into one end of the tub.

"I don't wanta come yet," Paul said, then laughed. "I haven't been saving it all my life like you have."

"I ain't entirely been saving it," Gary giggled. "I took it in my hand the last two nights, two times each night, thinking about you."

"And you're still rock-hard?" Paul asked, going down on him again.

"I did see a picture once," Gary said, getting really excited, "a guy licking another guy's backside. You wouldn't mind if I . . . ?"

"I'd love it," Paul, arching up into the cascading water and spreading his buttocks as Gary dropped down to fondle them, to run his tongue over the cheeks and slowly down into the crease, into the hole, thrusting his tongue in. . . .

He had seen a crude drawing on a toilet wall, perhaps two years ago, one man thrusting his tongue into another's rectum, with the words scrawled underneath, "I love to suck your ass," and a phone number. Gary had been both revolted and inflamed, had written down the number but never dared to dial it, and after that

(Continued on Page 41)

had tried to imagine what other guy's asses might look like, what they might taste like. He had always feared that there'd be an unpleasant taste, but he was so high now he wouldn't have minded. But Paul was sweet and clean on Gary's tongue. And Paul was wiggling his ass with obvious delight. "You could put something else in me there," he said.

Gary stood up, holding his hard rod, rubbed one hand over the smooth cheeks of Paul's butt. "You're just beautiful back there," he said, and was almost surprised when his middle finger slipped in. "You mean you could take my pecker up there?"

"That's what I'm standing here waiting for," Paul laughed, soaping a finger and rubbing it quickly into his anus.

Gary aimed and shoved, entering in one thrust while they twisted their necks to kiss. Gary creamed Paul's rectum almost as soon as he entered it.

"Aren't you the firecracker?" Paul asked. "And I'm gettin waterlogged. You got any sofas or beds in this apartment?"

And Paul spread Gary onto the living-room sofa, worked Gary's nipples til they were hard, while dangling his penis into Gary's upturned mouth. Gary was getting frisky now and went after it playfully until Paul arched over him and began to tongue Gary's penis again, shoving his own well down Gary's throat, working his tongue and lips lovingly over Gary's until they were both fired up again. Gary found that if he drew his mouthload back between Paul's legs, he could almost press his nose into Paul's hole while he sucked Paul's penis. Once or twice he let the shaft flop down onto his chest and concentrated his full attention on the secret hole, working his forefinger in while his mouth took up Paul's throbbing tool.

"Can I fuck you?" Paul asked, and had to explain to Gary what he meant. He swung down between Gary's legs, kneeling and pushing Gary's feet up on his shoulders, whispered, "This might hurt at first. I'll go real easy, and it'll feel all right once you loosen up." Then he squeezed K-Y up into the pucker, which was incredibly tight, and smeared it all over his own penis, pressing it slowly against the tight hole. Nothing happened. He pressed, and Gary tried to relax, but it wouldn't go through. Gary pulled his legs down closer to his chest and finally the breach was made. Gary gasped.

"Damn! Did I hurt you like that?"

"No," Paul said, pausing with his penis head only halfway in, feeling Gary wince in pain. "Try to relax, then it'll be okay."

"I don't know how to relax, but if you're sure it's gonna be okay, well, I learned a long time ago that it's easier to go swimming in cold water if you just dive right in."

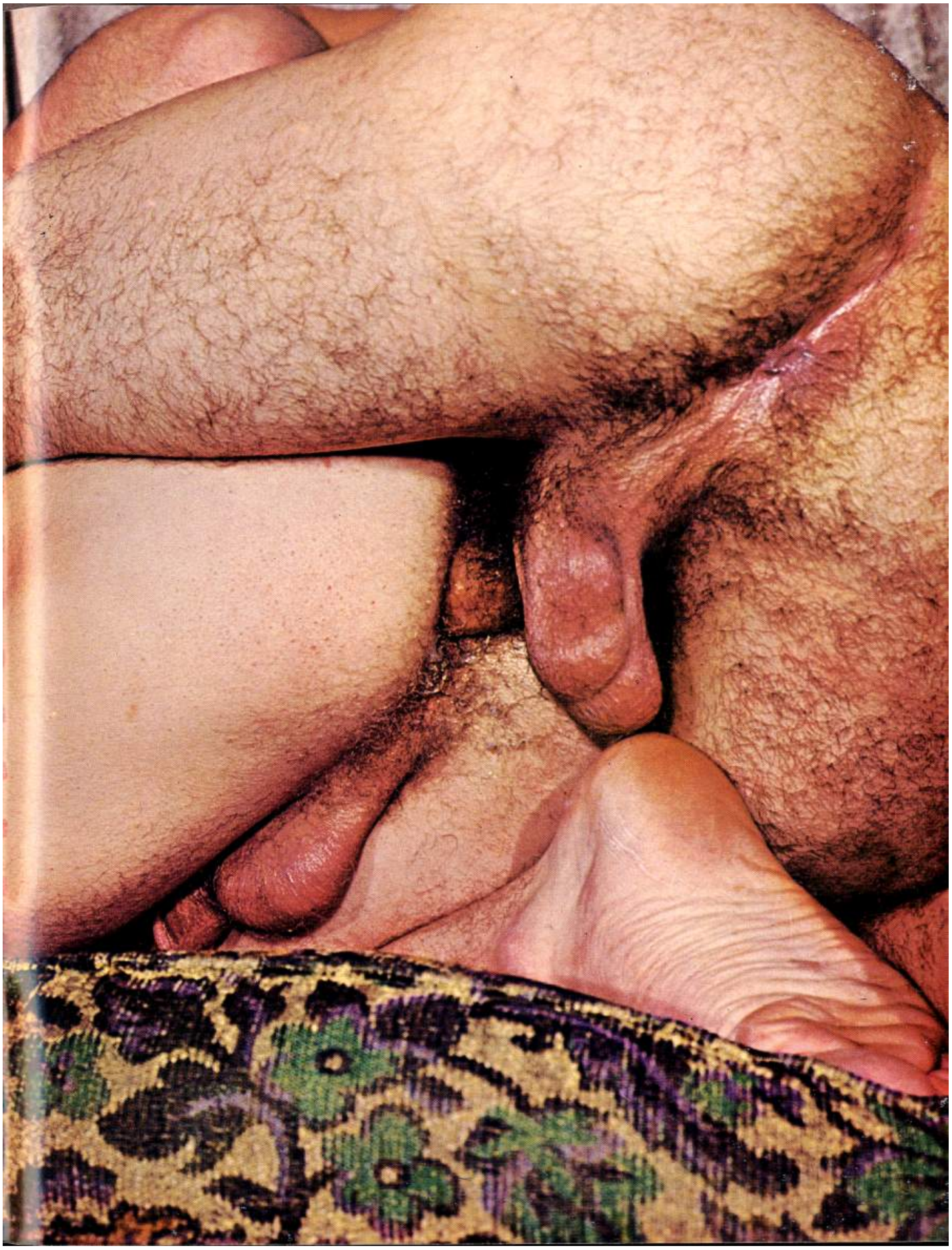
Paul twisted his hips, bent down so he could kiss Gary, and sank it all the way in one stroke, fast, but as easy as he could make it. Gary jerked as the pain tore into him, then a moment later it wasn't pain anymore, it was the wildest, most exciting, most pleasurable feeling he'd ever known, and almost instantly, almost by accident, he began to vibrate the muscles inside his rectum, and he felt the sudden pulsing of Paul's prod, felt the hot juices drain up into his bowels, felt Paul sag down over him.

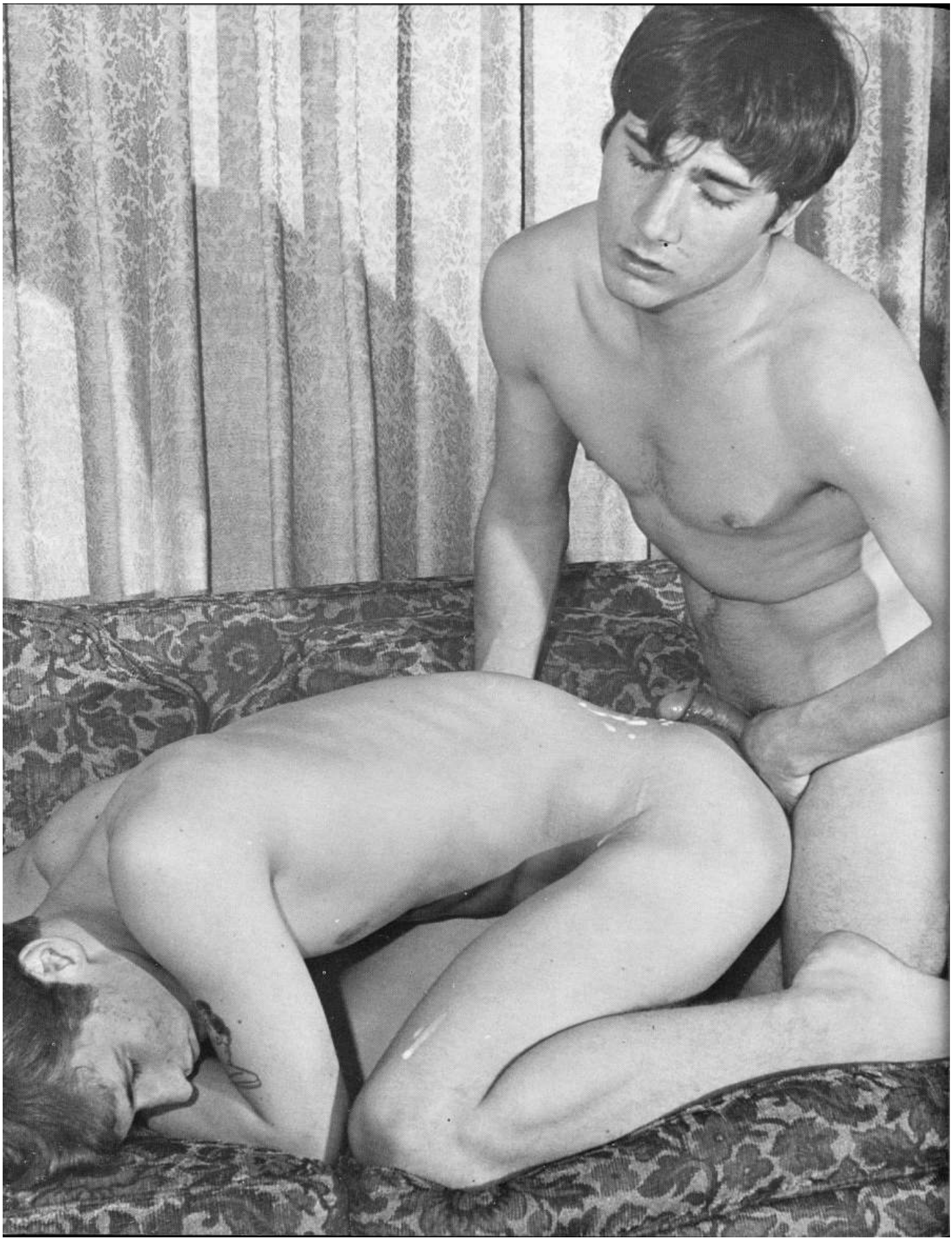
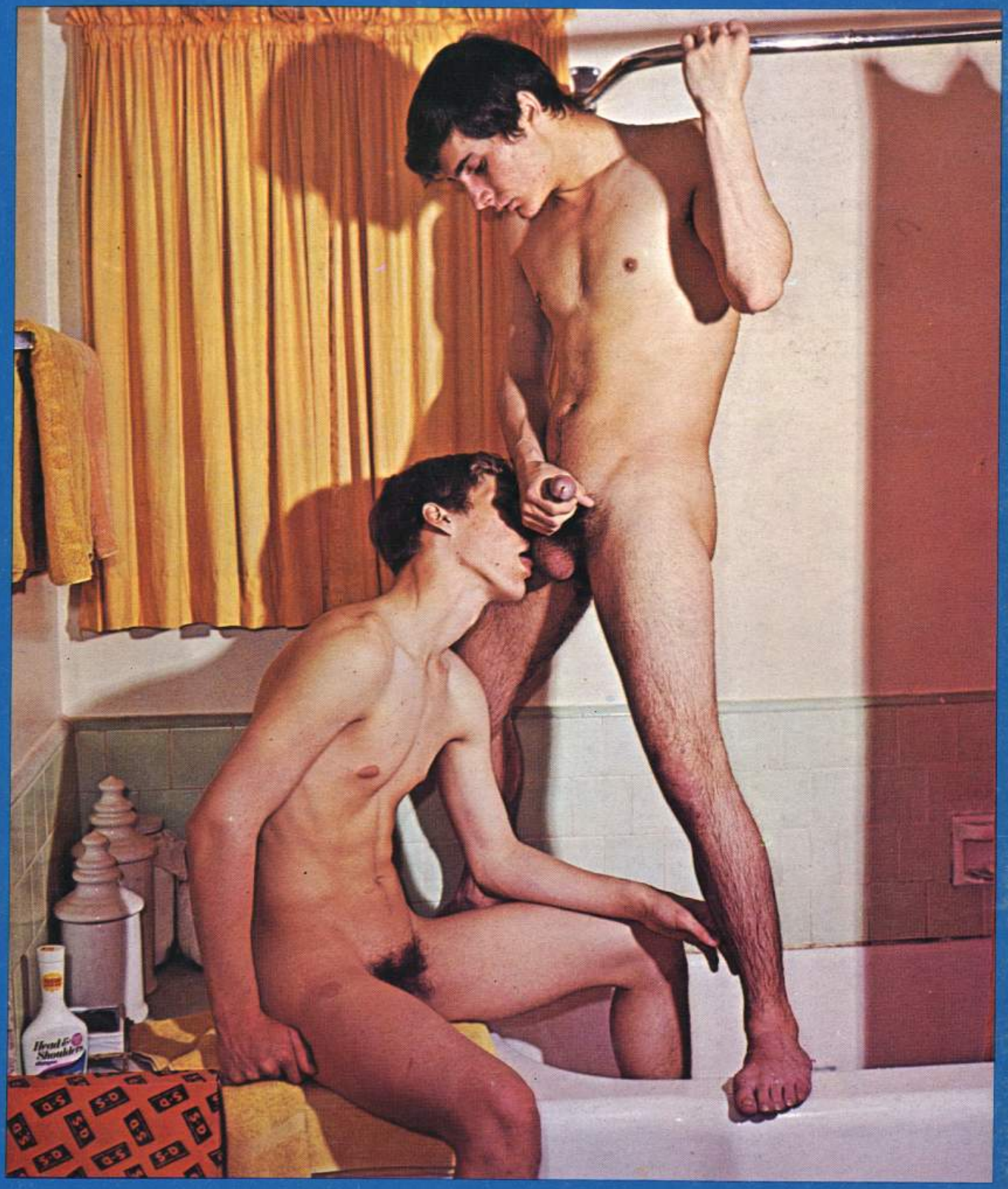
When the kiss had finished, when Paul had shrunk back out of Gary's tail and slowly rolled off him, Gary said, "Could we go out and eat now and then come back here for the night? I do want to see the city—but not tonight."

They went to a fine Basque restaurant downtown and were back

on the sofa two hours later, Paul bending Gary into a pretzel knot to ream him and suck his testicles, then stooping over the back of the couch to offer Gary his tail, Gary asking if there was something in that meal that caused him to get extra worked up this time.

"I was hoping maybe it was me that excited you," Paul teased, and Gary rammed into him (no trouble) and began a sweaty wrestling, climbing all over Paul's tail trying to find the best position to reach the greatest depth, and to have their bodies in the most intimate embrace at the same time—harder, hotter, faster, breathless, dizzy, climbing, exploding, boiling over, flooding Paul's gut in a wild and wonderful joining. . . .

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